



TEAR ES ON THE DEATH OF MOELIADES.

The third Edition.



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To the Author.

IN Wanes of Woe thy Sighes my Soule doe tosse,
And doe burst vp the Conduits of my Teares,
Whose ranckling Wound no smoothing Baume long beares,
But freshly bleedes when Ought upbraides my Losse.
Then thou so sweetly Sorrow makes to sing,
And troubled Passions dost so well accord,
That more Delight Thy Anguish doth afford,
Then Others Ioyes can Satisfaction bring.
What sacred Wits (when rauish'd) doe affect,
To force Affections, Metamorphose Minds,
Whilst numbrous Power the Soule in secret binds,
Thou hast perform'd, transforming in Effect.
For neuer Complaints did greater Pittie moue,
The best Applause that can such Notes approue.

S^r. W. ALEXANDER.





TEARES
ON THE DEATH
of MOELIADES.



Heauens ! then is it true that Thou art gone,
And left this woefull Ile her Losse to mone,
Mæliades, bright *Day-Starre* of the *West*,
A *Comet* blazing Terror to the *East*:
And neither that thy *Spirit* so heavenly wise
Nor *Bodie* (though of *Earth*) more pure then *Skies*,
Nor royall *Stemme*, nor thy sweet tender *Age*,
Of cruell *Destinies* could quensh the *Rage*:
O fading *Hopes* ! O short-while-lasting *Toy*,
Of *Earth-borne* man, that one *Houre* can destroy!
Then euen of *Virtues* *Spoyles* *Death* *Trophees* rears,
As if he gloried most in many *Teares*.
Forc'd by hard *Fates*, doe *Heauens* neglect our *Cryes*:
Are *Starres* set only to act *Tragedies*?
And let them doe their *Worst* since thou art gone,
Raife whom they list to *Thrones*, enthron'd dethrone,
Staine Princely *Bowres* with *Blood*, and euen to *Gange*,
In *Cypresse* sad, glad *Hymens* *Torches* change.
Ab thou hast left to liue, and in the *Time*,
When scarce thou blossom'd in thy pleasant *Prime*.
So falls by Northern *Blast* a virgin *Rose*,
At halfe that doth her bashfull Bosome close:
So a sweet *Flourish* languishing decayes,
That late did blush when kist by *Phæbus* *Rayes*.

Teares on the Death

So *Phæbus* mounting the *Meridians* hight,
Choak't by pale *Phæbe*, fainted vnto our Sight,
Astonish'd *Nature* sullen stands to see,
The *Life* of all this *All*, so chang'd to be,
In gloomie Gownes the *Starres* about deplore,
The *Sea* with murmuring *Mountaines* beates the *Shore*,
Blacke *Darknesse* reeles o're all, in thousand *Showres*
The weeping *Aire*, on *Earth* her sorrow povres,
That in a *Palsey*, quakes to see so soone
Her *Louer* set, and *Night* burst forth ere *Noone*.

If *Heauen* (alas) ordain'd thee yong to die,
Why was't not where thou mightst thy *Valour* trie?
And to the wondring *World* at least set forth
Some litle Sparke of thy expected *Worth*:
Mæliades, O that by *Isters* *Streames*,
Mong sounding *Trumpets*, fierie twinkling *Gleames*
Of warme vermilion *Swords*, and *Cannons* Roare,
Balls thicke as *Raine* pour'd by the *Caspian* *Shore*,
Mong broken *Speares*, mong ringing *Helmes* & *Shields*,
Huge heapes of slaughtred *Bodies* long the *Fields*,
In *Turkish blood* made red like *Marses* *Starre*,
Thou ended had thy *Life*, and *Christian Warre*:
Or as braue *Burbon* thou had made old *Rome*,
Queene of the World, thy *Triumph*, and thy *Tombe*.
So *Heavens* fair Face to Th'vnborne *World* which reeds,
A Booke had beene of thy illustrious *Deeds*.
So to their *Nephewes* aged *Syres* had tolde
The high *Exploits* perform'd by thee of olde,
Townes raz'd, and rais'd, victorious, vanquish'd *Bands*,
Fierce *Tyrants* flying, foyl'd, kill'd by thy *Hands*.

And

of Mæliades.

And in deare *Arras*, Virgins faire had wrought
The Bayes and Trophees to thy *Countrie* brought:
While some New *Homer* imping Wings to *Fame*,
Deafe *Nilus* dwellers had made heare thy Name.
That thou did not attaine these *Honours Spheares*,
Through want of *Worth* it was not, but of *Yeaxes*.
A Youth more braue, pale *Troy* with trembling Walls
Did neuer see, nor *She* whose *Name* appalls
Both *Titans* golden *Bowres*, in bloody Fights,
Mustring on *Marses* Field, such *Marse*-like Knights.
The *Heauens* had brought thee to the highest Hight,
Of Wit and Courage, shewing all their Might
When they thee fram'd. *Ay me* that what is braue
On *Earth*, they as their owne so soone should craue.
Mæliades sweet courtly *Nymphes* deplore,
From *Thule*, to *Hydaspes* pearlie Shore.

When *Forth* thy Nurse, *Forth* where thou first did passe
Thy tender Dayes (who smylde oft on her Glasse,
To see thee gaze) *Meandring* with her Streames,
Heard thou had left this *Round*, from *Phæbus* Beames
She sought to flie, but forced to returne
By *Neighbour Brookes*, She gaue her selfe to mourne:
And as She rush't her *Cyclades* among,
She seem'd to plaine, that *Heauen* had done her wrong.
With a hoarse plaint, *Cleyd* down her steeppie rockes,
And *Tweid* through her greene Mountaines clad with
Did wound the *Ocean* murmuring thy death, (flocks,
The *Ocean* that roard about the *Earth*,
And to the *Mauritanian Atlas* tolde, (told
Who shrunke through grieve, and down his white haire

Teares on the Death

Huge Streames of teares, which changed were in Floods
Wherewith he drown'd the neighbour Plains & Woods.
The lesser *Brookes* as they did bubling goe,
Did keepe a Consort vnto publicke *Woe*.
The Shepheards left their Flocks with downe-cast Eyes,
Sdaining to looke vp to the angrie *Skies*:
Some brake their Pipes, and some in sweet-sad Layes,
Made senselesse things amazed at thy Praise.
His Reed *Alexis* hang vpon a Tree,
And with his Teares made *Douen* great to be.
Maliades sweet courtly *Nymphes* deplore
From *Thule*, to *Hydaspes* pearlie Shore.

Chast *Maides* which haunt faire *Aganippe Well*,
And you in *Tempes* sacred Shade who dwell,
Let fall your Harpes, cease Tunes of Ioy to sing,
Discheueled make all *Parnassus* ring
With *Antheames* sad, thy Musicke *Phæbus* turne
In dolefull plaints, whilst Ioy it selfe doth mourne.
Dead is thy *Darling* who decor'd thy Bayes,
Who oft was wont to cherish thy sweet Layes,
And to a Trumpet raise thy amorous Stile,
That floting *Delos* enuied might this Ile.
You *Acidalian* Archers breake your Bowes,
Your Brādons quench, with teares blot *Beauties* Snowes,
And bid your weeping Mother yet againe
A second *Adons* death, nay *Marses* plaine.
His Eyes once were your Darts, nay euen his Name,
Where euer heard, did euery Heart inflame.
Tagus did court his Loue, with *Golden Streames*,
Rhein with his Townes, faire *Seine* with all she claimes.
But

of *Mæliades*.

But *ah* (poore I ouers) *Death* them did betray,
And not suspected made their *Hopes* his Prey!
Tagus bewailes his *Losse*, with *Golden Streames*;
Rhein with his *Townes*, faire *Seine* with all *She* claimes.
Mæliades sweet courtly *Nymphes* deplore,
From *Thule*, to *Hydaspes* pearlie Shore.

Eye-pleasing *Meads* whose painted *Plaine* forth brings,
White, golden, azure *Flowres*, which once were *Kings*,
In mourning *Blacke*, their *shyning Colours* Dye,
Bow down their *Heads*, whiles sighing *Zephyrs* flye.
Queene of the *Fields*, whose *Blush*, maks blush the *Morne*
Sweet *Rose*, a *Princes* *Death* in *Purple* mourne.
O *Hyacinthes* for ay, your *AI* keepe still,
Nay, with moe marks of *Woe* your *Leaues* now fill.
And you O *Floure* of *Helens* teares that's borne,
Into these liquid *Pearles* againe you turne.
Your greene *Lockes* *Forrests* cut, in weeping *Mirres*,
The deadly *Cypresse*, and Inke-dropping *Firres*,
Your *Palmes* and *Mirtles* change; from *Shadowes* darke
Wing'd *Syrens* waile, and you sad *Echoes* marke
The lamentable *Accents* of their *Mone*,
And plaine that braue *Mæliades* is gone.
Stay *Skye* thy turning *Course*, and now become
A stately *Arche*, vnto the *Earth* his *Tombe*:
Ouer which ay the watrie *Iris* keepe,
And sad *Electras* *Sisters* which still weepe,
Mæliades sweet courtly *Nymphes* deplore,
From *Thule*. to *Hydaspes* pearlie Shore.

Deare *Ghost* forgiue these our vntimely *Teares*,
By which our louing *Mind*, though weake appears

Our

Tearcs on the Death

Our Loffe not Thine (when we complaine) we weepe,
For Thee the gliftring Walls of *Heauen* doe keepe,
Beyond the *Planets* Wheelcs, boue highest Source
Of Spheares, that turnes the lower in his Courfe.
Where *Sunne* doth neuer fet, nor vgly *Night*
Euer appeares in mourning Garments dight:
Where *Boreas* stormie Trumpet doth not found,
Nor Cloudes in Lightnings burfting, Minds aftound.
From *Cares* cold Climates farre, and hote *Defire*,
Where *Time*'s exild, and *Age*'s ne're expire:
Mong pureft Spirits enuironed with Beames,
Thou thinks all things below, t'haue bene but *Dreames*;
And joyes to looke downe to the azur'd Barres
Of *Heauen*, powdred with Troupes of ftreaming *Starres*:
And in their turning *Temples* to behold,
In filuer Robe the *Moone*, the *Sunne* in Golde,
Like yong Eye-fpeaking *Louers* in a Dance,
With Majeftie by Turnes retire, aduance.
Thou wonders *Earth* to fee hang like a Ball,
Clos'd in the ghajtly *Cloyfter* of this *All*:
And that poore *Men* should proue fo madly fond,
To toffe themfelues for a fmall Foot of Ground.
Nay, that they euen dare braue the *Powers* aboue,
From this bafe *Stage* of Change, that cannot moue.
All worldly *Pompe*, and *Pride* thou feeft arife
Like *Smoake* that's fcattered in the emptie Skies.
Other *Hills* and *Forrefts* other fumptuous *Towres*,
Amaz'd thou finds excelling our poore *Bowres*,
Courts voyde of Flatterie, of Malice *Mindcs*,
Pleasure which lafts, not fuch as *Reason* blinde.

More

of *Mæliades*.

More sweeter Songs thou heares and Carrolings;
Whilst *Heauens* do dance, and *Quire* of *Angells* sings,
Then moldie *Mindes* could faine, euen our *Annoy*
(If it approach that Place) is chang'd in Ioy.

Rest blessed *Spirit*, rest faciat with the Sight
Of Him whose Beames (though dazeling) do delight,
Life of all liues, *Cause* of each other cause,
The *Spheare* and *Center* where the *Mind* doth pause :
Narcysus of himselfe, himselfe the *Well*,
Louer, and *Beautie* that doth all excell.
Rest happie *Ghost*, and wonder in that *Glasse*,
Where scene is all that *shall be, is, or was*,
While *shall be, is, or was*, doe passe away,
And nothing be, but an *Eternall Day*.
For euer rest, thy *Praise Fame* may enroule,
In golden *Annales*, while about the *Pole*,
The slow *Bötes* turnes, or *Sunne* doth ryse
With scarlet Scarfe to cheare the mourning *Skies*.
The *Virgins* to thy *Tombe* may *Garlands* beare
Of *Flowres*, and with each *Flowre* let fall a *Tear*.
Mæliades sweet courtly *Nymphes* deplore
From *Thule* to *Hydaspes* pearlie Shore.

FINIS.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.





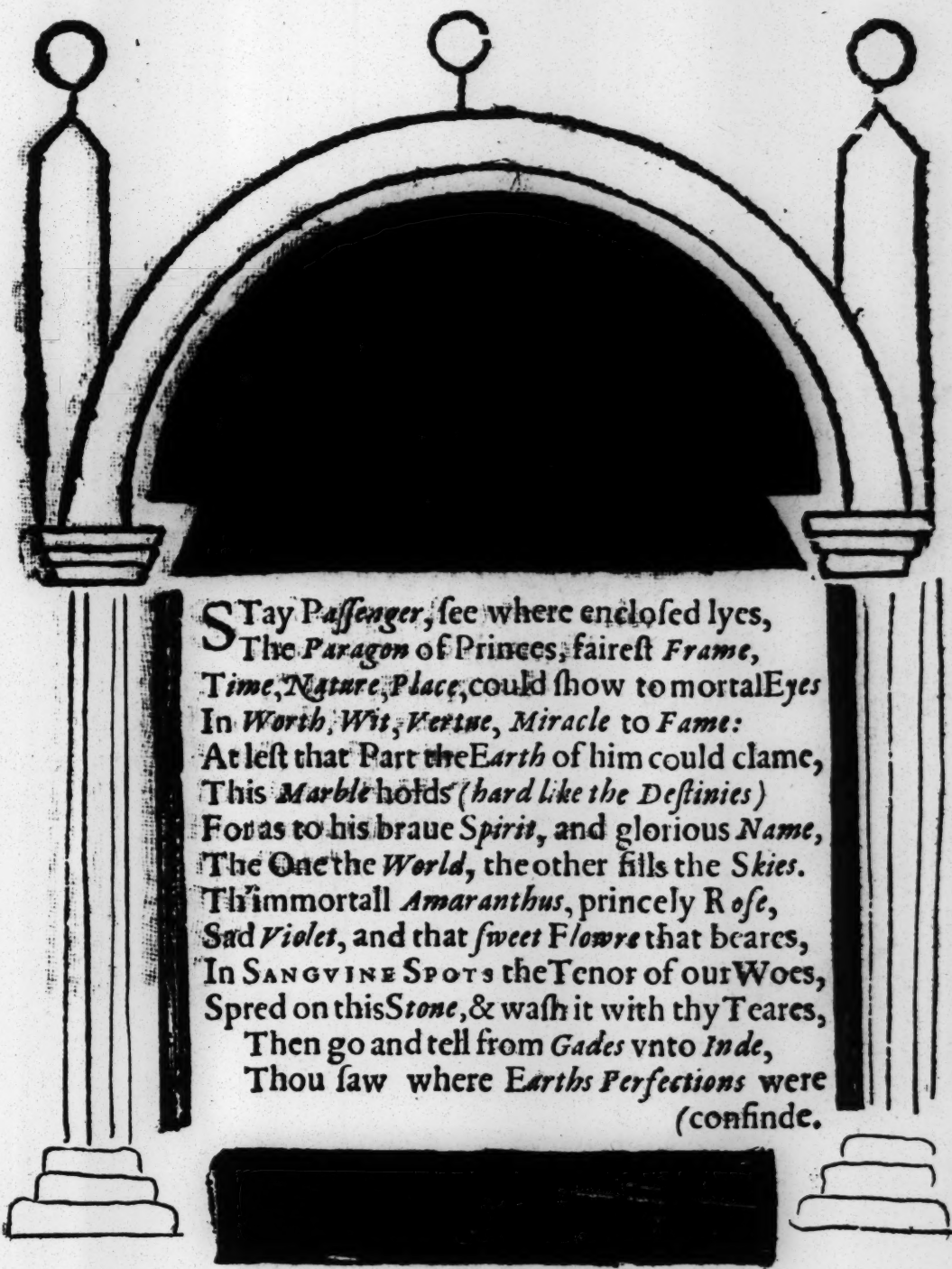
O F J E T,
Or P O R P H Y R I E,
Or that white Stone
P A R O S affoordes alone,
Or these in A Z V R E dye,
Which seem to scorne the S K Y E;
Here Memphis Wonders doe not set,
Nor A R T E M I S I A'S huge Frame,
That keepes so long her Louers Name:
Make no great marble Atlastremble with Gold
To please a Vulgar E Y E that doth beholde.
The Muses, Phœbus, Loue, haue raised of their teares
A Crystal Tomb to Him wherethrough his worth appears.

THE NO

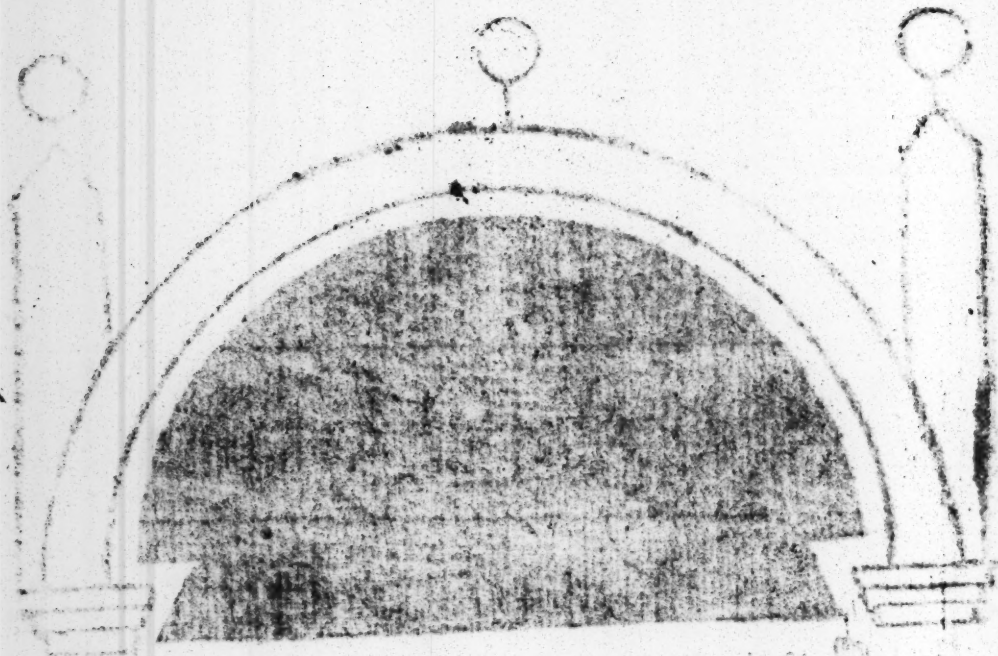
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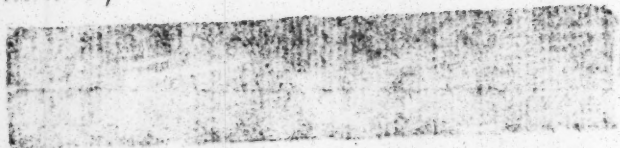
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Stay Passenger, see where enclosed lyes,
The Paragon of Princees, fairest Frame,
Time, Nature, Place, could show to mortal Eyes
In Worth, Wit, Vertue, Miracle to Fame:
At lest that Part the Earth of him could clame,
This Marble holds (hard like the Destinies)
For as to his braue Spirit, and glorious Name,
The One the World, the other fills the Skies.
Th'immortall Amaranthus, princely Rose,
Sad Violet, and that sweet Flowre that beares,
In SANGVINE SPOTS the Tenor of our Woes,
Spred on this Stone, & wash it with thy Teares,
Then go and tell from Gades vnto Inde,
Thou saw where Earths Perfections were
(confinde.



(continued)



Sonnet.

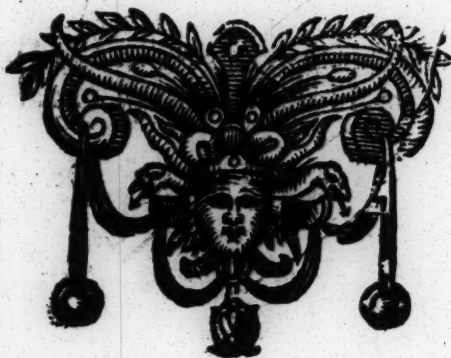
A *Passing Glance*, a *Lightning* long the *Skies*
That vsh'ring *Thunder* dies straight to our *Sight*,
A *Sparke*, of *Contraries* which doth arise,
Then's drown'd in the huge *Depthes* of *Day* and *Night*:
Is this *Small-small* cold *Life*, held in such *Price*,
Of blinded *Wights*, who ne're judge *Ought* aright,
Of *Parthian* Shaft so swift is not the *Flight*,
As *Life*, that wastes it selfe, and living dies.
Ah, what is humane *Greatnesse*, *Valour*, *Wit*?
What fading *Beautie*, *Riches*, *Honour*, *Praise*?
To what doth serue in golden *Thrones* to sit,
Thralle *Earths* vaste *Round*, triumphall *Arches* raise?
That all's a *Dread* learne in this *PRINCES* Fall,
In whom saue *Death*, Nought mortall was at all.

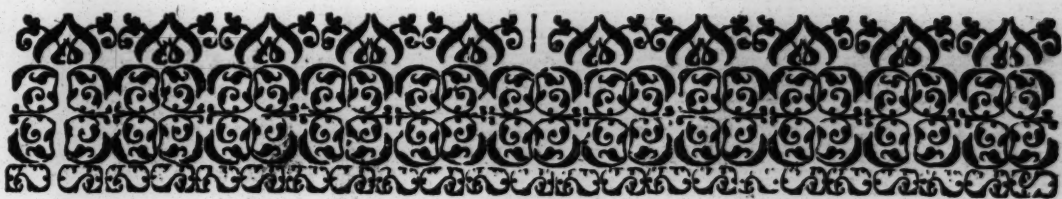
WILLIAM DRUMMOND.



To the Reader.

THE *Name* which in these Verses is giuen **PRINCE HENRIE.**, is that which he Himselfe in the Challenges of his Martiall Sports, and Mascarads, was wont to use, **MOELIADES Prince of the Isles:** which in *Anagramme* maketh a *VVord* most worthie of such a Knight, as He was a Knight (if *Time* had suffred his Actions answer the Worlds expectation) onely worthie of such a *VVorde*, **MILES A DEO.**





MADRIGALLS

A N D

EPIGRAMMES.

